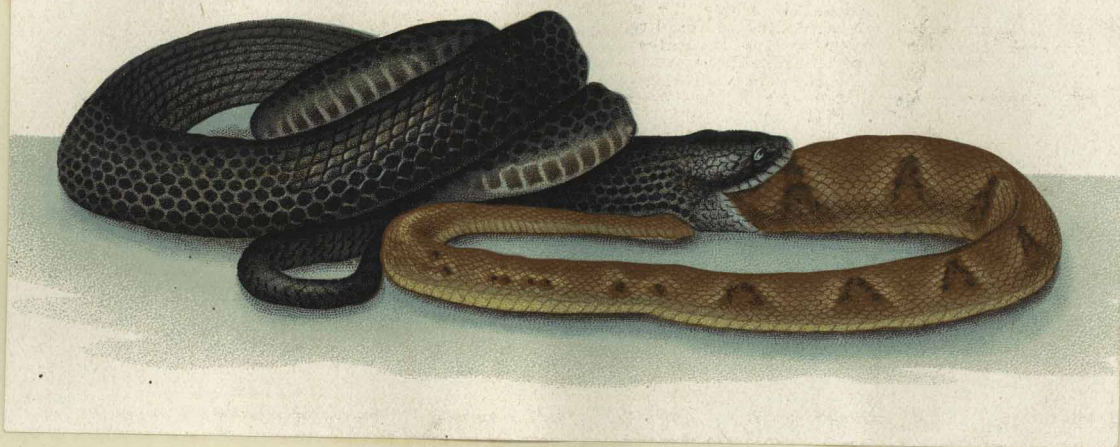


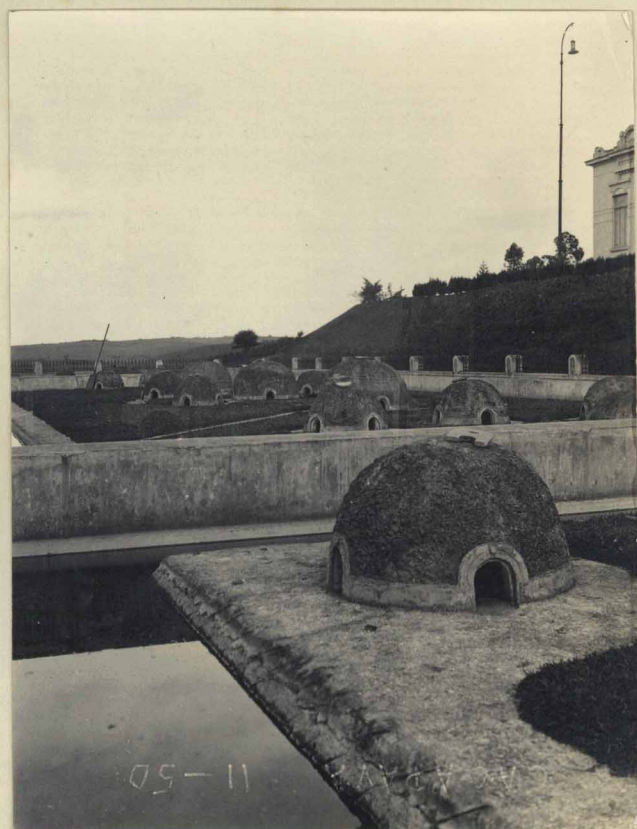
III — A Mussurana (*Oxyrhopus cloelia*) engolindo sua vítima



Sao Paulo - A mussurana killing a  
poisonous snake + swallowing him.



In Santos the path up the hill



May 10th Domingo

Please let me know if these typewritten offerings on the family hearth are too much influenced by the commercial school (dropping my aitches a bit) of thought, because I don't want to be so formal and typewritten to the bosom of the family.

During the past week I have been JOHN W. SARGENT to a most interesting group of mosquitoes and though you may say that the portrait of that elderly female culex is an outrageous caricature and not at all flattering ---- you must admit that the one of those two old anophelines eating together is wonderfully spirited, -- an amazing bit. I have also been Margeret E. Sanger to those mosquitoes (business of birth control among the larvae) and have been Katherine (in the Bemis sense of the word) too: so that theres little I dont know about them. Though I may sound bored by so much concentration as a matter of fact it is a great relief to be at consecutive well-ordered work again and the hours in the Laboratorio de Hygiene e Saude Publica are satisfactory.

There are some amusing things to be seen here in the way of customs and points of view. Its good technique if you and your wife belong to the leisure class, to lock her in when you go down town in the afternoon. Quite the thing for her to look out of the front window though and her counter move is to make a nice little cushion that fits the window and there she lolls all the P.M. shall we say slightly bored in expression. It is a town where all the fazenderos or big plantation owners, come to live from "the coffee" when they have become so absurdly rich that they have to have company to live it down. So they blow in, or rather out a good deal in perfume, in automobiles (guess at it), and as their women are following the U.S. movies as a standard of dress and behaviour the Society is rather dress suity and the women run to fluff and picture hats: simple -- like an orchid. On the street cars the conductor always blows a tin whistle as a warning that he soon will ring the bell, and en route the motorman anxiously looks up and down the cross

streets for possible lean-passengers or probable fat-ones, at almost any distance.

The people are odd in one way that I have mentioned before, they are so subdued and sober. They are the sort of people it is impossible to take off, because they have no tangible identity to begin with and they'd take it with seriousness and fortitude or with that wonderful explanation they give for many North American incomprehensible acts "the North Americans are a practical people --there is a reason for that somewhere". But I notice that Hackett and Smillie are both much quieter than the men at home and they seem to have caught the spiritless spirit. The negro blood has failed to cheer up the people in any perceptible way, though it's the same negro in most other ways. In fact Smillie tells me that up in the interior you can hear them telling most of the Uncle Remus stories -- handed down from the original African source. Darling believes that they must have killed off a very large number of the active spirited stock among the Portuguese during the Inquisition, and to that lethal selection you can undoubtedly add the cumulative effect of the rule of celibacy for hundreds of years in the recruited priesthood, and the fact that of the adventurers who survived their adventures and settled here in the early days usually diluted their abilities in the colored blood around them. The effect may not come from these causes but it is just what the causes would give, I can assure you.

I am getting very fond of the Brazilian oxen the more I see of their touchingly simple attitude toward their work: if they don't hear the wheels squeaking they stop then there and for good. So the drivers --whose mothers are usually ministers wives and have had practise with similar situations in the parish-- put charcoal in the axles, and you should hear country life in Brazil! Its ascream!

Good luck to you and my love to the missus

Y. L. B.

Alan.

A warm blue-fogged autumn day with the night's cold mist scarcely rolled back off the mountains arounds us----- and you write May on the letter if you are down here for the winter! I havent been able to feel cold yet and have been here in two or three hot waves but these people are selling charcoal braziers and the ladies have begun wearing their furs when they go out walking under the bananas and palm trees. It is very attractively cool here and no mistake about that.

Your letters have been more welcome than you'd suspect without <sup>you</sup> the reminiscences of Bordeaux and the queer wave of isolation that comes over you before you can get a foothold in a new place. Mankind handles the problem of Isolation in various ways. Aneas as I remember it made it quite objective by believing two of the gods were mixed up in his leaving home, and when things went badly he referred to wrathful Juno interms anywhere from petulance to blasphemy and when things went better he ~~h~~anked his stars for what few protagonists he did have in heaven. English colonials settle it by taking out a great quantity of home with them and never thinking of returning for good; thus ending by having more lovable living in Kuala Lumpur or CapeTown than they could possibly secure at "home". Our friends the Christians who are morally so intent on the dismal business of self-isolation begin about in the late after-noon to feel how far away they are from everything and what a cool and unrelenting world of toil and struggle they are in . It is in this evensong and vespers etc. that they reassure themselves that there is some help for mans lonely lot, his throes of melancholy, his nakedness to the winds of adversity, and that (excepting in epic circumstances like 1914/ 1918) most suffering and dying is done without solace of companionship-- and alone. So they reassure themselves with calling eachothers attention to the " Rock of Ages Cleft for me" (ME!!!) or to the fact that Jesis gives "the weary calm and soft repose" and with the burden of the struggle if not lightened at least rearranged they fare homeward--- feeling a bit less isolated. Still other people handle their isolation by great memory feasts and recollection parties, ending with "just wait till I get back"!, "Boy, won't that boat look good to me"! --- and others wellknown.

And still others, like the Supt. at the Good Samaritan Hospital who says she won't have another dog because she expects to be too miserable when she loses her first, refuse to feel anything lest they feel alone sometimes!

I have had the proof in the past two weeks that the Past, with all its certainties and known pleasures, its mellow satisfactions, its maudlin securities, acts as the great inertia and obstruction to the Desire and Impulse of any sort; capable of smothering by logic any and every of the stange <sup>new</sup> unreasonable sparks of wanting-to-do- something-for-its-own-sake. Of the strength of the Past -- letters from home, photographs, and My God tunes on the Victor ---- I've had proof adequate of late, but I never have had such a magnificent knowledge of freedom as breaking with it gives, nor have I ~~been~~ ever felt as the danger of perpetual security as fresh as now comes the delicate security of perpetual danger and isolation. You are one of the few people I know who I know can understand what I mean---- and you know as well as I do that sometimes the Past gets a merciless inning, that the worst of being sick is the vague homesickness that goes with it, and how disgracefully grateful you feel to the people who protect you for a second and then plant you on your feet again ----but the other you like as much as I: looking over this Brazilian <sup>valley</sup> to the palms, cedars, and bananas trees, the bright red earth, the pink and yellow stucco houses, the distant fazendas, and the blue mountains at the rim of the sky---- thats all new, beautiful, and it is reality, for I'm out in those hills in a week treating 400 Portuguese a day and trying to get ideas of how to live into them at the same time. Which is a great deal better than ~~lekk~~ looking out and thinking of "what used to be " etc etc. I am grateful to have you to write to for nobody else I know could possibly conclude that (1) I am not lying away homesickness, or (2) that I am ~~not~~ on the verge of becoming a Brazilian---- they would inevitably believe one or the other.

I wish you were knocking around with me here, roaring with pleasure, as I do (much to the surprise and delight of the sombre natives) at all the things I see, things that amuse all grades from Rabelais to Charles Lamb. 'Twould be such a delight --- for

I know you'd think of them much about the same as I and they are certainly like nothing on earth. Yesterday I heard a pleasant flutey ~~ser~~ sylvan sort of music in front of me on the street. A rough thin slouching ~~sort~~ man approached with a large glass case with cakes in it balanced beautifully on his head, and in his hand he held to his mouth an absolute replica of the pipes of Pan-- reeds bound together, on which he was solemnly rather wistfully blowing---his cakes for sale---- as he walked down between the open windows of his clientele on the Rua Brigadiero Thomazo Tobias.

■ Hydrick-- one of the Commissao Rockfellar men down here says that about 8 years ago an American Gunboat, having occasion to go up the Amazon a way, sighted a Brazilian flag flying over a fort. The Commander was feeling tactful and ordered a four gun salute to the Brazilian flag--- which was duly carried out, A single gun from the fort acknowledged the salute----- and a launch put out from the fort with a huge white flag flying and the C.O. of the fort in beautiful uniform, to say that he would have held out to the end but that he ran out of powder!

There's a wave of anti- Americanism being fostered by the Italians and the anti-government crowd here now, and its great sport to watch our opportunities to extend or retract our work as the opportunities occur. Wilson's ~~Mex~~ Mexican policy and his attitude to our foreign possessions, in the opinion of the men who have been here 40 years, is the only reason that it is possible for Americans to live openly or honestly here at all. There were some very mercenary and shady deals about to be backed up by the U.S. government had not W. been elected. Kermit was much involved! Ha!HA!

Good luck and tell me what goes on, when the spirit moves you

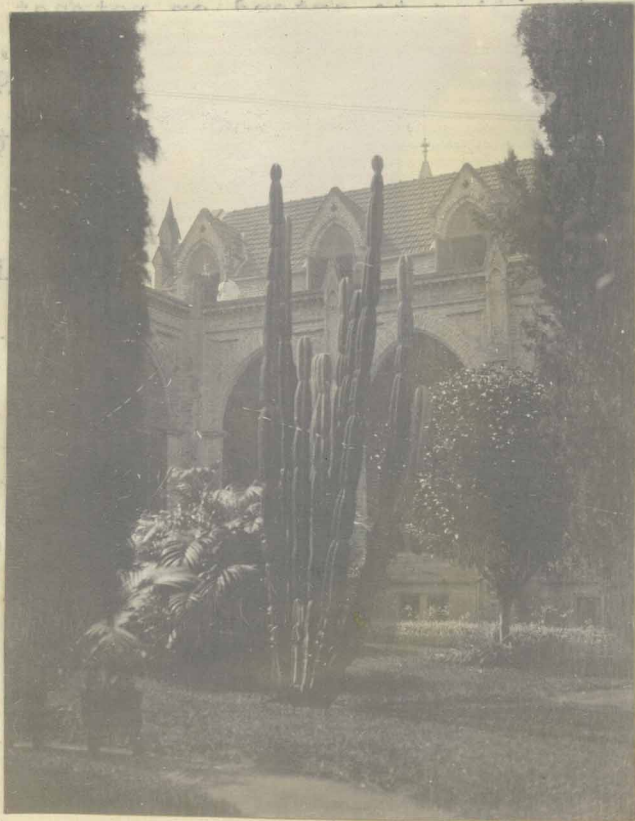
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A rough thin stone wall, a large glass  
 case with cakes  
 hand he held to  
 needs bound to go  
 blowing--his  
 open windows of  
 here says that  
 occasion to go  
 lay over a fort  
 a low gun said  
 out. A single  
 a hammer put out  
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in the  
 Sao P.  
 Kermit was much involved

Good luck and  
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Does it inwardly irritate you to have it type-

written? I won't again if it does but it is so convenient to have all the letters describing things down here done this way to keep the copies of for the future and the rest of the family ---well I have yet to hear from them as a matter of fact on this and other subjects.

To-night, May 19th, makes the end of my first month in Brazil, but I won't burden you with the soggy sort of review of deeds that falls due upon anniversaries, but pass on to all the things that are making this long chance I took more and more successful as time goes by. Of course the 19th of May is most famous to me as the great national holiday of that paragon among nations, the TROBANS, but the surfeit of holidays among the Brazilians has begun to eclipse the rare days given over to rejoicing among the smaller peoples.

I have been here in Sao Paulo for about three weeks picking up some of the medicine and lab. work that is going to be useful to me at work here. In having the comradeship and direction of Jack Smillie, a C.C. graduate who was in II Academy Greek with me and is assistant in the Govt. School of Hygiene here and in the Rockefeller Foundation as well, I am certainly fortunate. And it is just as comfortable to have as chief boss Lewis Hackett, who preceded me up at the Richards Camp. This week I shall go out to Atybaia or to Parana to a post up in the coffee to get broken in to the real field work. And thence to Rezende again with Smillie for a longer stay and probably some real first hand work. August (the dead of winter) will see me in my own field possibly in Santa Catherina or Marinhao where it is assumed I shall be the boss and run things to suit myself and write my own reports and have the management of three or four posts and all the microscopists and guardas( men nurses ) that it takes to run them.

But as things seldom are the same as you expect and as prophecy is not anybody's forte these days, to confine my letters to what I've seen will satisfy you best. But I catch

myself wondering where you are and what goes on? So much so that I am going to send this home to the Flat and rely on your home coming about the time this gets to the U.S.

Yesterday as I was coming home to lunch a ragged slouching sort of man approached me and he was making a pleasant sylvan sort of music somehow with something at his mouth. Balanced beautifully on his head a large glass case of cakes, and in his hand sure enough Pan's Pipes--reeds bound together with a thong on which as he was solemnly rather wistfully blowing----his cakes for sale-----as he walked down between the open windows of his clientele along the Rua Brigadiero Tobias. 'Tis a great place here to find new and consequently very old customs.

When you pass the cemetery here every hat in the street car is lifted. And a block further on if the girl in front of you gets off she says goodbye with her hand palm up wiggling all the fingers, to the friend she is leaving still on the car. All the carrying is done on the head ---up to pianos, where it is recognised that four heads are better than one. Of course all the stores are open to the street, and the same holds true for the many laundries, apparently the girls who iron there in their bare calves and white dresses find that looking at all the passersby makes their work drag less boringly. The butcher shops have to sell each day's meat before noon or it is taken away from them. And if you like fresh milk, as the cow might say to the <sup>farmer</sup> calf "you know what you can do" --- for the milking can be done out on the street in front of your house.

There is no libel law here at all and the art of scurrilous writing flourishes to an astonishing degree, with plenty of sheets like "Perfuso"(which means the screw) to ruin peoples names. But of course the writing is amusing and it must be a relief when you have a good mad on to be able to publish all of it!

During the past week I was the speaker at a Current Events class where with a Coldstream Guardsman I told them about this war --- ~~that~~ that they are so blissfully ignorant of down here. I didnt let them off with the journalist's ideas about the war and told them that if the Americans had not boasted so much about

the perfection of all they did and of how they had won the war and of how well the mail was being delivered to the boys etc and of how the American soldiers were the best fed of all etc then I should not feel so inclined to criticise, but that as it is ---and then I told them some of the things I have seen among the Americans and I told them the most interesting thing to me about those facts was that I couldn't get anyone at home to believe them, and they wouldn't either. The Y.M.C.A. criticisms were brought up of course and I told them everything can happen in war and that I think that the current feeling among the troops was due more to Y. inefficiency than to sectarian resentment (a reason suggested by a woman whose brother is in the Y.!). I also think that some of the Y. difficulty was due to the fact that there were large numbers of Americans who up to the end didn't know that there was a WAR on and were acting a bit peevish because things didn't go as smoothly as they had been told about in those damned newspapers we all read and got our ideas from in the U.S.

Well to tell the truth I found homecoming a very dispiriting business because I don't think the crowd who stayed at home will ever realise what has been done for them, --- I didn't see enough folks who were worth all the dying that I saw being done for them. Too many curs.

There are perfectly lovely woods here in Brazil. Such colors and arrangements of grain as you could not dream of, and in the hands of some of these native woodworkers a marvel of their own possibilities. I shall not leave without some of their boxes and trays.

Do be a good lady and write me a bit of a letter about how you find these United States when you return. You'll find Faith's family more amusing and delightful than ever. She is the only one who making much application of the sterling principles of large families which we learned at 731 North Cascade. And as a partial result the place is in the most agreeable stir all the time. I liked it better than ever.

Good luck and cheerio--- wish I could have waited till you came back before rolling down to Rio



Brazilian Architecture



Old Iron Gate

Hearing that the Uberaba is leaving Santos on the 25th I am going to chance a letter filled with the urgent trivial requests that seem to develop so acutely when you are miles from any sort of stores or agencies for the wellbeing of man.

Sometime when you are in town can you order a pair of low shoes from Coes & Young (they have my size and style) and going next door order at Delanos a good Leghorn or Bangkok hat size 7 3/8 or 7 1/4 large. And can you telephone M. Sullivan in Cambridge on Mt. Auburn St. near Boylston and tell him to make me two suits of light white duck and two of light weight kahki drill, with waist coats, i.e. 3 piece suits. He has my measurements. And give to each the enclosed paper to be put on the package when it is sent to International Health Board 61 Broadway, New York City, to be forwarded from there. Charge them to yourself and I will see that you get a check for \$100. in time to save your using the back door as they flow in the front door bills in hand. Clothes can be gotten in about 2 to 4 months time thus and are infinitely to be preferred to the atrocious prices and doubtful workmanship here.

If Sullivan is dead or out of reach they may remember me at Macullar Parker's where I got a suit in shantung silk about Feb 23 last.

Today as I was working at the School of Hygiene I heard a wild yell or two and then the usual sequence of pistol shots and more yells and then looked out to see the whole neighborhood on the dead run toward the row, which means it was a civilian affair because in the case of its being the State Police in a row the crowd is always and wisely centrifugal. I don't know whether any one was killed but like our own early days fights are managed that way. On one of the fazendas we did some work on a well known bad man got into trouble with the owner. At eight o'clock in the evening he told his friends that he was going to shoot the owner the next time he saw him. The fazendheiro knew the man meant what he said, when he heard the threat two hours later. He knew that the gunman would enter the fazenda at about 6 the next morning and he knew the gate he would be coming by. So at 5 the owner went to the

gate with no gun showing and when the murderer came up on his pony surprised him so that he simply told him that he didn't dare murder him and that if he did to try. All the fazendiero had said the night before when told this fellow was after him was "I will see him before he works himself up to it".

My period of instruction is nearly over. It has been simply invaluable, as you would suppose for I knew nothing of H\* or malaria when I came. I shall be at Rezende doing regular post work next and will write you from there. I have seen what a tremendous disease hookworm is demonstrated on the small hospital scale here. The seriously infected look like pernicious anemia with bloods as low as 20% hemoglobin, and the common rate being 40 to 50. It is interesting to be able to predict a man's wages in the coffee by taking his hemoglobin; so closely does the proportion work out. And another interesting thing is that in the Malay States the proportion between ankylostomes and necators was so definite that for each race, -- Chinese, Tamils, Europeans etc. that Darling thinks it may be of some value in unravelling the obscure points in the origins of the races there, ethnic groups widely scattered having the same "ankylostome index". He is a most stimulating and interesting man, and has a mental sweep that is quite rare and yet not at all put on.

I fthe Gregg family <sup>don't</sup> wish to have a bro. that in the immobile immortal phrase of Mrs. Forbes, "is out of touch with things in Milton" they could club together at say July 11th and give me a subscription to the Sunday Herald.

Your birthday will go by before you get this but best of luck and frequent thinkings of you.

Y.L.B.

May 21 -

Dear Father:

It is the third of June ---the dead of winter here ,the time most dreaded by the coffee growers on account of the chance of frost and when you look at the beauty of the endlessly blue sky and the temperature of South Tamworth in late May ,-- it is not a very threatening sort of winter after all.

Since the 25th of May I have been up in the interior-- that is about 12 hours in , at two places named Brodowski and Atibaia, tiny primitive frontier places where we have posts and work going on actively among the coffee and cotton fazendas. To Brodowski the night train from Sao Paulo takes 12 hours, at first on a perfect rail , later on the wildest sequence of jerks and lurches that was ever called a railroad, pulled by the usual woodburning engine. These woodburning engines are no joke, the glowing cinders frequently burn your travelling clothes in large holes, --- but at night are quite fine to see, a cross between a volcano and a pinwheel.

I went up with Dr. Hydrick and his successor here as state director Dr. Mario Pernambuco. Hydrick is a very likable and polished southerner, a Rhodes scholar, and a very good man. Dr. Mario is a wise, even-tempered little fat man, with the face a highly educated baby, and a pleasant way of deliberate contemplative action. Brazilians are much more careful about meeting their friends and employers at the station than we are, so it was no surprise to see most of the personnel of the post at the train when we arrived. We walked right up to the post and surprised the secretary still in his pajamas at 7 o'clock in the morn,--for which he promptly got a cool comment from Dr Hydrick who is one of those enviable people who doesn't lose his own balance when he wants to upset others. We found that the guardas ( the men who ride out and give treatment under the doctors orders) were on strike and the mornings business rapidly turned to the interviewing of all the guardas, and running a South American strike among about twenty rather frightened but defiant men. Not knowing enough Portuguese to follow the talk I spent my time trying to decide whether they were lying or not. You would be surprised to see how much behaviour tells, how little what is said. At the end

we had fired three men. These went to the others and started a little movement to call our hand by all going. Hydrick's southern temper was just the thing for this and when he went out to them with eyes blazing and called out "que mais ? que mais?" (who else ? who else ?") they decided they wouldn't go after all and the strike waxed very weak. The cause, in case Richard's social instincts are aroused by the apparently high handed treatment of labor, was the fact that they were all reprimanded for being late to break fast by their chefe, who owed a little money to the ring leader of the "strike".

The town of Brodowski is flat and western in the completeness of the plan and the incompleteness of the settlement. It is in high rolling hills which are covered with unending rows of coffee bushes, a rich deep green and a beautiful thing to see. You do not think of Brazil as mountains, but that is almost all I have seen thus far and Hackett says that is nearly all there is. The ground is a very deep red, almost purple, and looks just like blood on the horses legs when you come in from a zone or area of treatment. It is an enormous country and in the interior I was just at Abraham Lincoln's time--- the early settlers are pushing out into the wilderness with muzzle-loading rifles and axes, the shanties are shared by much of the livestock, and life in many ways is dated 1835.

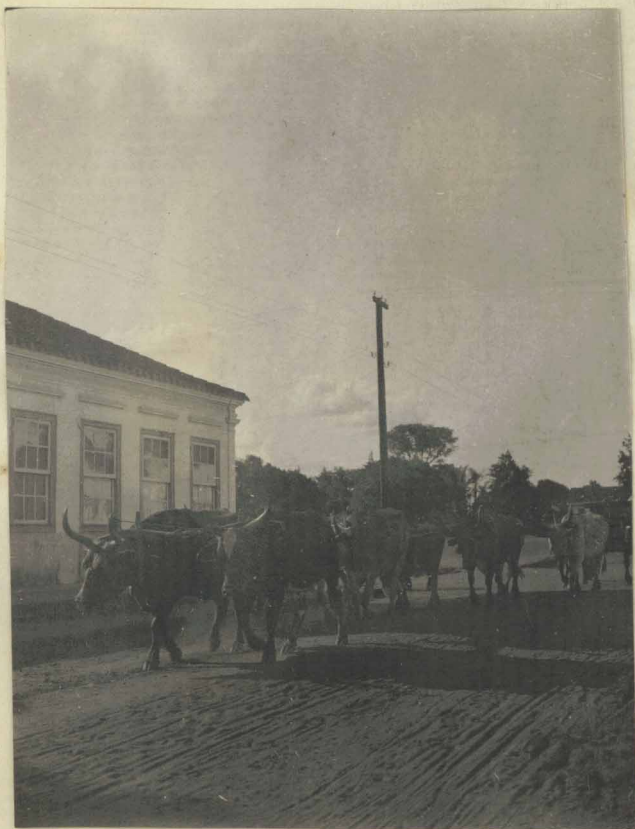
On the 29th, starting at 4 A.M., on a little single footing horse, Raoul Dini, the guarda, and I rode out to the fazenda Ollhos d'Agua. Most of the way it was bright starlight with a cool morning breeze and everything on the roadside looming very large and more than ever strange, as in a fog. When we got to the fazenda madrugada was just breaking over lovely rolling hills whose outline against the deep red sky showed the low even planted coffee bushes as far as I could see. Our ponies wheeled sharply into a court-yard of a large low building and two large dogs charged at them



Giving our Treatments on the Fazenda

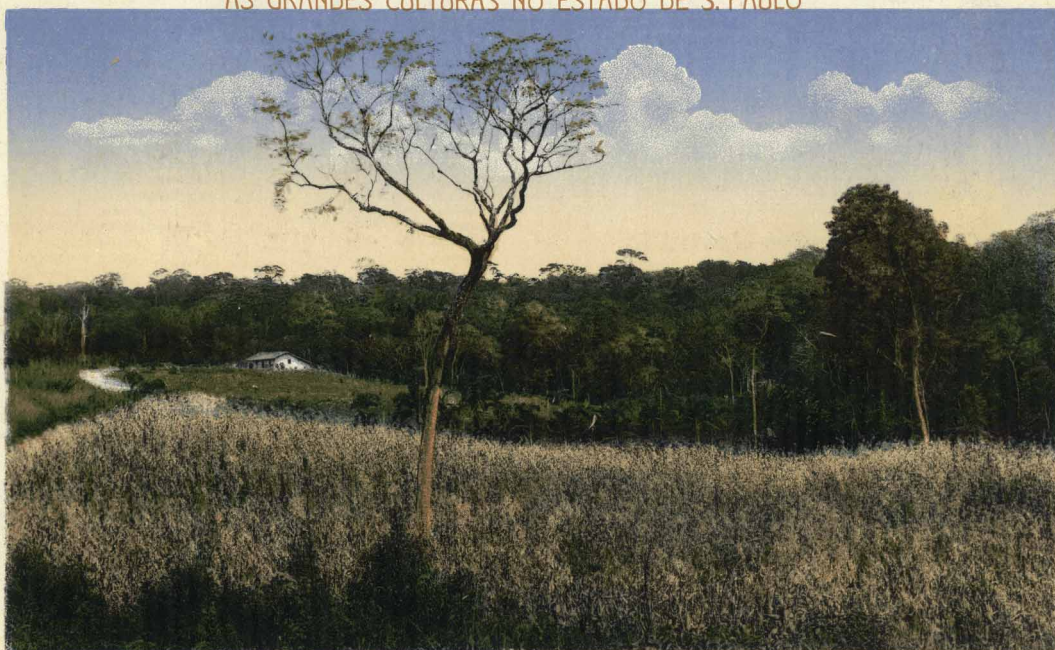


The Post at Brodowski



An ox cart

AS GRANDES CULTURAS NO ESTADO DE S. PAULO



Uma Plantação de Milho

Santos, Série em cores No. 514